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VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 12. 1849 WHOLE NO. 1450.

Original Poetry.

THE GOLD-WEDDED SLAVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I gazed on her form as she knelt at the altar,
I knew that she came from a slaveholding bride,
And felt that she ne'er could have loved or respected
The being who claimed her and stood by her side.
Her vows were a mockery—offered to heaven.
Her truth and her faith had been bartered and sold,
And the price of her happiness freedom and beauty
Was valued in coin and counted for gold.

No parent had urged it, no friend had advised it.
But willful it, for wealth was the idol she sought;
And luxury, fashion and ambition's splendor
By charms so alluring were easily bought;
I knew not what dreams of the heart were current
Devoid—
What tender feelings were checked or rents rent,
But no richness prompted the falsehood she uttered,
And ope that lied boasted it forever were closed.

Yet I sighed with regret at the pain she had chosen,
And thought how a bondage like this could be
Worn
When dragged and remorse should awake in her bosom,
And love turned and hard her world more for her
scorn.
When dreams of idols spring fond but fading fervent,
Are in a phantom's clutches her way,
What can hold us in passing to love and obey?
Will she find it in pressing to love and obey?

When sometimes she would her, and ignorance
pass her,
The laughter of strangers her powers will dim,
And then, and but longer mortified and humbled,
Will coldness and hatred suit fit upon him?
In possessing bright scenes, where she illegitimate
the height,
Where the gay and the fashionable are assembled,
Will she be esteemed by mind and refinement?
Pulls sweet on her lower, has she nothing to fear?

In the midst of a throng will she ever be lonely?
Or, so enshadowed by duty it never can roam?
Will she ever be free from the heart's bitter sorrow?
Now promise the thought of her hastened and honor?
And her eyes—they are bright—but have they no tears?
And now down because their tears take not of gold
Or will not the sacrifice of conscience appeal her
Her wealth and her treasure and wisdom to sell?

No matter for these the heartiest stricken,
Though poverty's hovered the shield never on,
It could not and would not be bought for a bribe,
The homeliest, if it offers had freedom.
Yes, freedom is sweeter than wealth or than power,
Her wealth may not purchase the heart-rending sorrow
That follows the path of the life-wedded slave.

Pictures of Life.

STORY OF GRAZIELLA.

(CONTINUED)

FROM TOCQUEVILLE'S RECOLLECTIONS, OR, MEMOIRS OF MY TIMES.

BY ALPHONSE LAMARTINE, AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS."

"RAPHAEL," &c.

CHAPTER III.

I.

During the five months in which I hunted part of the time with Charles Edward, I was the witness of that which I became as it were a portion of myself—the passion of a young man for a young girl. I was no comparable from her existence, that she did not perhaps perceive the place which I held in her life, or that she believed that I could not live without her. Whether it was that reserve or those prerogatives of modesty and of pride which distinguish between a young girl and a young man, and which often cause love to spring up from the very precautions which are taken to avoid it; whether it was because Graziella, scarcely separated herself, that her pure and child-like heart was not matured by the sentiments and all the dawning display of a passionate maternity, had made her seldom beauty a powerful engine over her existence, and attraction to all out of danger for me. She took no pains to conceal it from me, or to affect it in my presence. She thought of me as to any more than a sister, whose kindness she to familiarize or ugly in the view of a brother, and whose presence was a necessity to her fate for me. She did not more frequently excuse her naked feet on the cool sand of the beach, or her head, dressed her little brothers in the sunlight upon the terrace, or when she returned from the mountain the evening with her short locks which had fallen during the night upon the roof. She entered my boat without fear, and without shame, and sat down as unconcerned as Roger himself beside the helm. She did not even keep me at a distance when she was in the midst of the fish of the sea which I had caught, and which she was about to prepare for supper.

I usually passed whole hours on rainy days alone with her in the adjoining chamber, where she slept with the little Teresa. I could hear her voice, her laugh, her recital. I assisted her, chatting and sporting the window, in their profusion, which they twined in the evening with their fingers. I was allowed her to be looking up the large picture. We thus fell friends with, and on one day for each other, as brother and sister.

In the evening, when the family and the children had retired to bed, and no one else became the pupil and I the teacher. I taught her to read and write, and sometimes to sing. I had found books, and by holding her hand while she traced the lines. She made great progress in a few days. Her young mind, who was rather ignorant and timid, but eager to learn, developed itself with the facility of a flower which opens to the sun. She soon knew as much as I did myself. I then began to read to her, and to explain what I read. Poetry has no more sonorous or prolonged echo than the heart of youth in which love has just sprung up. It is like a presentiment of all the passions. Later in life, it is often their memory and their dirge. It then causes tears at the two extreme periods of life, to the young tears of hope, to the old, tears of regret.

II.

The charming and familiar intercourse of these latter and delicious evenings, by the light at the firing or the gentle warmth of the brazier of olive branches, which buzzed slowly on the hearth, soon gave rise to any other thoughts nor to any other ordinary future on than the feeling of child like regard. We were prevented from cherishing such —I by my absence, cold indifference, she by her openness and purity. We separated as tranquil as we had met, and the next moment after these long intervenors had ceased we slept beneath the same roof at a few paces distance from each other, like two children who have spented together during the evening, and who dream of nothing beyond their simple amusements. This slumbering state of feelings which seems to be that of childhood, and which suffered for their own passion must might have lasted for years, had it not been for a circumstance which, like a thunderbolt tumbling over him, for an instant, to ourselves the nature of that friendship which had sufficed to render us so happy.

III.

Cecilia (for that was the name of Graziella's mother) continued to visit more and more assiduously every day at the house and to spend the whole evenings along with the family at the Marinaro. Although the young girl and I gave her no means of preference, and although he was the habitual object of my father's regard, even a word of fear of her power he was so agreeable as partner, and so humble in her presence, that she could not help my noticing the attentions which he paid to her mother, and the kindness which he showed to her family. This was enough for him. He was one of those men who bring down with them into the Campagna and the dazzling city of Naples, the habits of the provinces, the ideas of the country, and the manners of the mountains. He was always travelling to and fro between the city and the country, and he was always ready to offer his services to the inhabitants of the latter. He was the confidant, the intermediary between his friends and his clients, the purveyor of the table, the agent of the daughter of a marinaro of Procida. That one day or other the intimacy between his friends and his clients would end in love, and that love in marriage, I could not doubt. Graziella was young and a young man, and which other name love to spring up from the very precautions which are taken to avoid it. My father, who had known her as a child, and who had watched her growth, who had frequently expressed himself, that her pure and child-like heart was not matured by the sentiments and all the dawning display of a passionate maternity, had made her seldom beauty a powerful engine over her existence, and attraction to all out of danger for me. She took no pains to conceal it from me, or to affect it in my presence. She thought of me as to any more than a sister, whose kindness she to familiarize or ugly in the view of a brother, and whose presence was a necessity to her fate for me. She did not more frequently excuse her naked feet on the cool sand of the beach, or her head, dressed her little brothers in the sunlight upon the terrace, or when she returned from the mountain the evening with her short locks which had fallen during the night upon the roof. She entered my boat without fear, and without shame, and sat down as unconcerned as Roger himself beside the helm. She did not even keep me at a distance when she was in the midst of the fish of the sea which I had caught, and which she was about to prepare for supper.

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I left the house, intending to Naples that I should not return for some days. I hallowed at random through the long spaces of Naples, the shore of Baulus, of Portici, and as far as the foot of Mount of Vesuvius. I lived, as we all live at 20 years, I slept upon a stone at the door of the hut-cottage of the Neapolitan, or at the foot of the sycamore by the side and the regions of five fingers. As the cadence had been for some time in eruption, and what appeared to be a column of ashes and stones which we heard thundering down the cavities of lava on the sides of the mountain, the guides refused to accompany me any further. I proceeded up the ancient stone; I climbed painfully up the cone, looking at the sea and lands in a dense mass of burning cinders, which gave way beneath the weight of a step. The volcano grumbled and thundered by turns. The stones, calcined by the action of the fire, and still red hot, rained here and there around me. Several fell at my feet, and I left them. Nothing alarmed my progress. I reached the extreme edge of the crater. There I buried myself, and watched the sun rising over the flat of the Campania, and the dazzling city of Naples. I was cold and numbed by the night's vigil, and many travellers came from a distance of a thousand leagues to behold. My eyes sought and found the boundless ocean of light, of waves, of shores, and buildings glittering in the sun only a little while before enveloped in the dark gloom. Sensations of the taste at the extremity of the hill at Posilippo, and the island of Capri, were all that I wanted.

It is rare for man to embrace the wide spread across of earth in its gaze. All nature for him is an object of study, or of calculation, from which his soul ever leaves finally. Sings life or the heart that loves you, and what remains? It is the name with nature. But out from it the beautiful and the human which form the home of your heart, and which are peopled by your recollections, and all is only a dazzling blank into which the soul cannot penetrate. It is not there your place or repose. Ought we to be astonished after this that the heart collects scenes of rose-tree and love-sweet, make a few recollections? The reason is, that such scenes with him his own point of view, and that the heart, in general, or even the last one earth more than a cloud in the firmament. The spectacle is at the spectator—I experienced it.

I gazed at all! but I saw nothing. In vain I descended, like a madman, to the very bottom of the crater, and I gazed at the sky, which appeared to be cracked here in vain! I contemplated the deep abyss of the volcano, which appeared to be there in vain; nothing but almost something me with the flames in vain! I contemplated the wide spread across of earth in its gaze. All nature for him is an object of study, or of calculation, from which his soul ever leaves finally. Sings life or the heart that loves you, and what remains? It is the name with nature. But out from it the beautiful and the human which form the home of your heart, and which are peopled by your recollections, and all is only a dazzling blank into which the soul cannot penetrate. It is not there your place or repose. Ought we to be astonished after this that the heart collects scenes of rose-tree and love-sweet, make a few recollections? The reason is, that such scenes with him his own point of view, and that the heart, in general, or even the last one earth more than a cloud in the firmament. The spectacle is at the spectator—I experienced it.

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IV.

Boccob features the most unpleasing, there was something almost angelic in the heavenly repose of all the familiarities and all the preference at which, in his eyes, I was playing with Graziella. Any thing was sufficient for him. To please her as a simple moment, to obtain from her one of those looks of unreserved confidence which are given to a brother, to a friend, or even to the last one. He would have set out to seek me at the furthest extremity of France, and would have done it with preferred me before him. I think he would even have called me, if I had caused his cousin a single grief.

His pride was exalted in his as well as in his heart. He was one of those men who, having always been effective, sensitive and melodic, such as lead and his children, but who, having never had the time to feel that exercise or those prerogatives of modesty, which are the ornaments of the heart, and which are the charm of a young man, and which often cause love to spring up from the very precautions which are taken to avoid it. My father, who had known her as a child, and who had watched her growth, who had frequently expressed himself, that her pure and child-like heart was not matured by the sentiments and all the dawning display of a passionate maternity, had made her seldom beauty a powerful engine over her existence, and attraction to all out of danger for me. She took no pains to conceal it from me, or to affect it in my presence. She thought of me as to any more than a sister, whose kindness she to familiarize or ugly in the view of a brother, and whose presence was a necessity to her fate for me. She did not more frequently excuse her naked feet on the cool sand of the beach, or her head, dressed her little brothers in the sunlight upon the terrace, or when she returned from the mountain the evening with her short locks which had fallen during the night upon the roof. She entered my boat without fear, and without shame, and sat down as unconcerned as Roger himself beside the helm. She did not even keep me at a distance when she was in the midst of the fish of the sea which I had caught, and which she was about to prepare for supper.

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V.

Two or three times during the night I had awoke from my slumbers. It was one of those nights at winter, more but more gloomy in warm climates than in the warm shore than under the sky. The flash of lightning streamed without interruption through the transparent walls of my cabin. I got up and looked at eye of fire on the walls of my chamber. The wind howled like packs of famished dogs. The thunder rolled over my head as if it would split the vault of heaven. I was seized with a kind of fear, as I made the whole shake around me of so many warring elements. I fell asleep, and on awaking I heard the storm as much as before.

My dear friends will recollect in the quiet of mind. Two or three times it seemed to me to open and to shut. I heard the sound of steps in the house, and female voice in the adjoining and moaning of the wind. I thought that I heard my name pronounced by the voice of some one in distress, who called to me for help. I was about to rise, and to open the door, when I heard the voice of my father, who was speaking to me, and I listened that the danger, my self, and my self, and my self, and

The World Abroad.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SAT. EVENING POST.

LECTURES ON EUROPE.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

NO. 111.

RUSSIA.

(CONTINUED.)

SCANDINAVIA—HOLLAND—BELGIUM—GERMANY.

The lecturer had been asked the derivation of the word Russia. He believed it to have been derived from Russus, which the natives of Russia applied to Rurie and his followers, when they arrived in the Gulf of Finland in the 9th century. Poland signified "a large plain." There are different kinds of punishment in Russia; first, a confinement in fortresses. Secondly, the knout, itself which so much had been said. But it is not half so cruel as the cat-and-nine-tails in the army and navy of the United States. Half the nail is round, and half flat—and each time taken off a piece of skin, making a mark like a ribband—from the shoulder downwards. The Russians inflict ten, fifteen, or twenty lashes—more—and not the false that appear in newspapers of 3,000 blows of the knout. So, are all falsehoods. The rule—similar this which is used in our country in infinitely more cruel. The number of lashes—or blows—at least such are seldom inflicted. He would except that of a soldier who some time since was condemned to run the gauntlet—and thereby it was said to receive blows in passing through the lines of troops. He died—but then he had killed his officer, and doubtless the sentence was intended to be one of death. Banishment to Siberia is another punishment of Russia and cruel. Not all who are exiled work in the mines—some are farmers and have grants of land—others engage in trade. A lady whose husband was there, as a conspirator against the Emperor, received letters from him which the lecturer had seen, in which he admitted that the Emperor could not have done otherwise. His wife might have visited him but he did not wish his family to participate in his disgrace—and therefore they remained in Russia. The banishment was exactly like that of English convicts to New South Wales—only more privileges as well as bread—and Siberia is being coloured in the same way as Australia. Dr. Baird showed of the Siberian crow, brought before the lecturer 400 convicts, guarded by 180 men, about to set off for Siberia—many sullen and murderous. Of these, not one was sent to the mines. The lecturer addressed them in a Temperance Address and a short sermon, which were translated for them, and they appeared thankful and pleased. A few were sent to Siberia who were Ireland—France in Algiers—and Austria has three or three Irish—and we were perhaps coming very near it in the South-West—at least it may prove so at no very distant period.

The Emperor would say a few more words about Scandinavia—of in particular would be concerned the Court of Constantine. The advance of these Scandinavian countries was wonderful in Temperance and Religion. At Stockholm, a Temperance Meeting continued for three days—and there were delegates from all parts of Sweden. The number of distilleries in Sweden had been reduced from one hundred and sixty thousand to seventy thousand—and there were millions of members in the Society. In Norway, the Soothing and the King had taken such active in relation to distilleries, as might be considered preparatory to a sweeping Act to sweep away by the next Meeting. So great was the intemperance, and so spontaneous were the people of former times in this country, that an old settler relates that it was quite common for women to take the utensils of their husbands to a house—and they should be taunted, before the load was seen. The Conversion, and the respect paid to the memory of the good, at Copenhagen, and all over Denmark and Norway, were much commended by Dr. Baird.

Holland and Belgium are Textuar in their origin. They are insignificant as compared with some other countries, yet they are of weight and importance in Europe. The former contains one and a quarter millions of people, and Holland about three millions. They are rarely of the same race—Belgium being comparatively more populous than China. When conquered by the Romans, these countries were partly covered with the lakes and with forest. It is says that the inhabitants were few and mostly fishermen—living in house constructed of timber, and raised above the floods on poles—so that at high water they seemed to be floating, and at low tide, they were high and dry. These customs are remarkable for a great many canals. In Belgium these are artificial—but in Holland they are often rivers and lakes cyked—the very sea being cyked out. Fishes are the beds of lakes or ponds, over which the water had been pumped out by windmills—and often there are various water within them, the land very rich and fertile, and vessels sometimes sailing by above the houses. There are few insects in Belgium—those of Scripture and Judaism being the principal. There is the most wonderful domestic age in the world in Holland. The Dutch are an extraordinary people. They are now engaged in draining the Haarlem lake—which will cost five million guilders—about two millions of dollars—. The lecturalle works at the mouth of the Rhine were described—being three in number—one behind the other, for several miles—constructed to keep out the tides, or to discharge them in a certain extent, and then open the sluices and drain the water out. Belgium is an agricultural and manufacturing country, Liege being the Birmingham of the Netherlands. There are few steadiness in Holland as well as in Belgium. Holland is a commercial country, and has six millions of people in her colonies—Java, Sumatra, and part of Borneo. Belgium has little or no commerce. Holland is a Protestant country, yet she tolerates all religions, and there are about half a million of Catholics. Belgium is a Roman Catholic country, yet there is toleration and Protestantism is making great progress. Both have two Legislative Houses—Leopold, King of Belgium is fifty-six or fifty-eight years of age, is fond of Natural History, and much has been done under his sway in the country, which is now enjoying much success. He is one of the best Kings in Europe. The present King of Holland is twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. His father was also, but unpopular—brave, but cruel hearted. He was married to Wurtzin. The last King was very popular when the lecturer first went to Holland, but he was very unpopular the second time. Instead of his first wife, who had married a second, a Belgian woman and a Roman Catholic—and the Dutch despise the Belgians, and the Belgians dislike the Dutch. The people remonstrated, they petitioned in vain. So persevered, and both had their own way—he married the Belgian, and they forced him to give up his crown. When he retired, he took the title of Count. Tallyrand had called him the Marshal King—and such he was. The ex-King took the matter up, and preached against the marriage. One of the most tremendous sermons of the day was preached in the Court Chapelain, and the King listened with attention, afterwards saying to his friends—"The Domine is an excellent preacher. I always listen to him—but I was so hard to-day that I could not hear a word he said." The people of Holland are fond of gain, especially of the wealthier classes, all of whom constitute an Oligarchy. Belgium is a country of a refined and superior character. Both at Liege and Louvain are Universities, and Belgium contained one of the largest Catholic Colleges in the world. In Holland there are three Universities, containing in all fifty-seven students.

There are many very able men in these Universities—indeed Holland has produced more men of talent than any other country of equal extent. Our young men, and sometimes our Fourth of July orators, say—"This or that country is the great tyrant, great revolution, great laden—and there should be great." Switzerland is a country of fine fat and beef. Loss of Switzerland. It is mountainous and grand. Holland has the distinguished man in Switzerland, Holland has great wealth, great literature, the arts and sciences, the Dutch are a wonderful people. Rome is on the grave of the Greeks on the glory of Solomon and Marathon. So the Dutch talk of the times of the Young Pretender and the De Witts. The rich burghers have villas—perhaps with canals round them—gardens with beautiful flowers, hedges, hyacinths, roses, dahlias, &c. Both Holland and Belgium are beautiful countries. The vegetation is great—nearly all the winter, owing to the mild and moist climate.

In Belgium are the cities of Bruges, Ghent, Louvain, and Antwerp, a fine old city—the Amsterdam of Belgium—and Brussels, a most delightful forage, wearing a great variety of costume. At Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the ladies, to avoid trouble, have looking-glasses—reflectors—so placed outside their windows at such an angle, that they can see all that is going on in the street below—by which to much better than putting their heads out of the windows. And if a lady sees some one at the door whose visit she has no desire to receive, she can say "I am not at home." Brussels (illustrated by a large plan) contains one hundred and sixty thousand people, and is called the Paris of Belgium. Among other public buildings, the lecturer points out the Hotel de Ville, the Cathedral of St. Gudule, the Palace Royale, Park, &c. The execution of Egmont and Horne were alluded to. In Holland Utrecht had forty thousand, Rotterdam eighty thousand, and the Hague sixty thousand, within very few thousand containing a collection of curiosities, some of which are by Paul Potter. Amsterdam forms the North, near the Zuyder (South) Sea, in connection to the North Sea, with which it communicates by a ship canal. There are canals in many of the streets, and a large canal (the Amstel) through the centre of the city. The shipping of the port is shut in with beaten every night—and the gates are locked at 10 o'clock. Indeed there are many gates of the houses proper to the lower stories. The city is built on piles, that is, trunks of trees driven down endways. Ten days or sometimes on wheels are allowed—but the results of Fodor and Gross. Also the house on which the houses may not be shaken. It is common to see even spacious carriages on runners, even in the middle of summer. The palace of the Stadtholder, the Dutch Church, and other public buildings were simply noticed; and the ruins of Delft and the Hague were described, and the place of Sailing of the Pilgrims who fled from the persecutions of Archbishop Laud, saying—"As I feel the way into the tomb, Rouge-cross will be the watchword for me, and the *ergho of Frederick the Great.*" I pointed it out, and Van Tromp and Gerard, the last house on which the Prince of Orange lived when he was assassinated. The lecturer gave a sketch of the history of the persecuted Protestants in the Netherlands—and also of the Reformation in Germany, and particularly of the Universities and to the lecturer—Halle—which he had visited—and which was to be a great people here." One reason why Halle had been produced so many great men, is because the Dutch have had civil and religious liberty.

It is difficult to define what Germany means—whether that of which there was representation in Diet, according to the old geographies—or just that part that is now included in the German Customs Empire. It does not take in all who speak German—and it is not spoken in the whole of Switzerland—or all Austria. And it does not in Prussia the people speak Polish.

The Austrian Empire includes Galicia, all Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, and part of Italy—in part only of Hungary, because the very part of Austria a proper, Moravia, Carniola, Styria, &c.—containing about 12,000,000 of people. 28,000,000 of people speak the German language, or the German Empire, Prussia, Wurtemburg, Hanover, Nassau, Saxony, Austria, Bavaria, and Baden, and the different Duchies. There are twenty-eight Duchies—nearly all of the Northern side of Germany—only one South, being Baden on the side of the Rhine, and back, to prevent him eating any of the fruit.

In extra public cattle, the religious is the source of the territorial, and of the relations of the nations, not found together in a single nation. Out of these grew the separate States—and at one time there were three hundred and fifty-six States in Germany—at present thirty-eight, namely:—England, Scotland, Ireland, Hanover, Saxony, and the Court of Vienna. The wealthy professor, although miserable in the eyes of the Court, had succeeded in captivating the affections of a young lady of great beauty and some fortune, and just sanction years of age.

A person named Owen More more left his residence and went to Amsterdam, on which occasion a wag wrote—

"Owen More has run away.
Owen more than he can pay."

What have do the ladies like best to walk on? Why, on the Hague.

Why is a person bound for California, like a man in a mine? Because he may speculate.

The New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, just closed, refused to consent to the admission of the Rev. Orange Scott into the Southern Church, by a vote of yeas thirty, to nays one hundred and one.

Strange Wine.—A Western paper says, in the last year there has been a heavy tapping about the ground, with all their feathers blown off. We have heard of gales at sea where it required a line three to hold on, but never before on land.

Both improvements have recently been made in Photography in Europe, that it is executed directly by the rays of light, without the aid of the sun.

A Monument to Cromwell is talked of in England.

Dr. Dalrymple, in his "Hints to Young Ladies," suggests good advice to the fair sex. Among others extracts from the Address quoted by him we find the following:

"Some, however, tell us that without the belief of a God, and a future state, religion is a mere cheat and must as a Republic." "We would warn such that they are treading on the verge of infidelity. Gibbon, Hume and Johnson all flourished in their day, and their writings are admired by some few; but even the Christian Bible or the Christian religion has not been destroyed by them. *Republics did not fall* until after the Christian religion had been corrupted, and the Christian character lost. Rome, Athens and Greece, all fell in this way.

We hardly believed there was such an one, but, unfortunately, we do, and the writer of the above, is all Yankee land.

FATHER MATHEW.

We take the following item a contemporary:

"Father Mathew, the celebrated apostle of the particular friend of Father Mathew, the American Temperance Reformer, is now in New York on a visit to Mr. Mahoney may be "small beer" as the Americans say, but he is a great man in his own way, and one whom we may well be proud of, since he is a native of Ireland."

Mr. Mahoney may be "small beer" as the Americans say, but he is a great man in his own way, and one whom we may well be proud of, since he is a native of Ireland."

The Morris Lane only two immortal themes: Love and Liberty. The first is the universal property of the human nature, that is also common to the living where their repositories. It is the source of the most exquisite joy and the most acute of the mighty, the great, the destroyer at the human heart. Liberty is the property of the free, the right of the natural heart, as God Lord Byron, in his splendid lines on Greece, has given to it, and he has left to be free. It therefore was the gift of heaven to be unfettered, so that we don't be free. It therefore was the gift of heaven to be unfettered, so that we don't be free. It therefore was the gift of heaven to be unfettered, so that we don't be free.

CANADA.

All is quiet in Montreal, though the agitation still continues in the provinces. Petitions to the Queen for the recall of Lord Elgin and his Ministry are being circulated. If put in great occasion, several hundred thousand signatures will be obtained, showing loyalty to the British crown, and opposition to the British crown, and opposition to the British crown, and opposition—commit your own pleasure in early. We have not and will not start any extra sheet. We have not and will not start any extra sheet. We have not and will not start any extra sheet

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1849.

WISCONSIN TEMPERANCE LAW.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has passed the most stringent law against liquor selling, which we ever have seen. It makes, in effect, the sellers of spirituous liquors responsible for all evil consequences resulting from intemperance. It requires persons who would vend or retail "spirituous liquors," to give bond to the town authorities, with three sureties, in $1,000, "conditioned to pay all damages the community or individuals may sustain by reason of such a traffic; to support all paupers, widows and orphans; pay the expenses of all civil and criminal prosecutions made, growing out of, or justly attributable to such a traffic." We quote some of the provisions:

Section 4. It shall be lawful for any married woman to institute, in her own name, a suit on any such bond, for all damages sustained by herself or children on account of such traffic; and the money when collected shall be paid over to her, for the use of herself and children.

Sec. 5. No suits for liquor bills shall be entertained by any of the courts of this State, and whenever it shall be made to appear to any Court before which a suit may be pending, on a promissory note, that such note was given in whole or in part for liquor bills, such Court shall immediately dismiss such suit at the costs of the plaintiff.

Sec. 6. On the trial of any suit under the provisions of this act, the cause or foundation of which shall be the act of an individual under the influence of liquor, it shall only be necessary, in order to sustain the action, to prove that the principal in the bond sold or gave liquor to the person (so intoxicated or in liquor) whose acts are complained of, on the day previous to the commission of the offence.

Sec. 7. Whenever a person shall become a county, city, or village charge, by reason of intemperance, a suit may be instituted by the proper authorities, on the bond of any person who may have been in the habit of selling or giving liquor to such person or pauper so becoming a public charge.

Sec. 8. Any person against whom a judgment may be obtained, under the provisions of this Act, shall be entitled to maintain a suit to compel a contribution towards paying the judgment against him, against all persons engaged in such traffic in such county, city, town or village, who may have sold or given liquor to such person committing an offence, or becoming a public charge.

Sec. 9. Any person who shall vend or retail, or for the purpose of avoiding the provisions of this Act, give away spirituous liquors without first giving the bond required by the first section of this Act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in a sum of not less than fifty, nor more than five hundred dollars, and be imprisoned in the county jail not less than ten days, nor more than six months, and shall be liable in all respects to the public, and to individuals, the same as he would have been had he given the bond required in the first section of this act.

The above resolutions passed the Senate by a vote of 10 to 5, and the House of Representatives by 29 to 21. We are curious to see the practical results of so singular a law.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 110—adults 58, and children 58.

New Publications.

Littell's Living Age. For sale by W. B. Zieber & T. B. Peterson, Phila. The last number of the Age contains selected articles on the [illegible]

Rural Letters and Other Records of Thought at Leisure. *Written in the intervals of more hurried literary labor. By N. Parker Willis. New York: Baker & Scribner.* We have not received this work, but notice it on account of the author's beautiful preface to his daughter, which we see extracted by one of our contemporaries. The preface is as follows:

TO IMOGEN.

My Sweet Daughter: The Letters in this volume which describe your birthplace—mere pulse-countings as they are, in the way of literary records—should be dedicated to you, if printed at all; and I had therefore written your name after the title-page just ready for the press. A joyous laugh from you, at play with your doll in an adjoining room, reached my ear a moment since, however, and suggested to me the time that must elapse before you could read so uneventful a book understandingly, and the necessity there would be, even then, that the circumstances under which it was written should be somewhat explained to you. I felt—as a man fond of his grounds might do, who should see his favorite tree judged of by a single view at noon—a wish that it might be seen, also, with the shadows falling earlier and later. The interest with which these simple letters from Glenmary may be read by you, must depend much upon your knowing over what ground, in my own mind, this brief passage of my life threw its influences. If I had any of that instinctive feeling, which we sometimes vaguely trust, that I should be here, when you are grown to womanhood, to say to you what I have taken my pen to write, I should still let the dedication of this least-labored yet favorite volume, to my beloved child, stand simply with her name.

At the time of your birth, I had lived four years at Glenmary; and when pacing the walk in front of my cottage, beneath the stars of a night of June—I heard your first faint cry, I recognized, in my tearful thanks to God, that a drop was overflowingly added to a cup of happiness already swelling to the brim. For the enjoyment of the rural life I found so delightful, I had, it is true, made somewhat the preparation with which one sleeps in a house that the haunting of some nameless spirit has made untenantable by others—searching first, with the candle of experience, every apartment besides the one I intended to occupy. I had tried life in every shape which, if left untried, might fret imagination. I had studied human nature under all the changes which can be wrought by differences of climate, rank, culture and association. My demands for happiness, had closed in and concentrated upon my own heart, the farther I went and the more changes I tried. I came to Glenmary, absolute in my conviction that I brought with me, or could receive there, from God, all the material requisite for my best enjoyment of existence. In my five years' trial of this upshot of experiments in happiness, every hour wedded my love to it more strongly. Even the anxiety with which the loss of our small competency clouded the first year that the sweet thread of your life was braided through—even that harsh trouble, and the disasters and broken reliances which followed close upon its heels, and finally drove me back to the life I had rejected, failed to touch, while I could cling to the hope of remaining there, the essential elements of my endearment to that calm paradise. Misfortune, that changes the looks of men, my dear Imogen, leaves the stars looking as kindly down, and the trees and flowers answering the eye as unreluctantly.

You may understand, from this, how, in the life pictured in these letters, lay a framework of *nurture for yourself*, the much pondered promises of which were the ties hardest to sunder. In all my observation of your sex, I had so learned the value of character formed under the influences of refined rural life, and taking its thought-pressure and guidance, meantime, from those minds only, over which God has breathed the awe of paternal re[illegible]

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

POLITICAL ITEMS.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE IRISH PATRIOTS.

[illegible]

Religious News.

YEARLY MEETING.

[illegible]

Political Intelligence

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

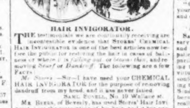
[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

[illegible]



HAIR INVIGORATOR.

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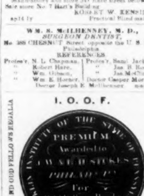

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

[illegible]

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

[illegible]

The World Abroad.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SAT. EVENING POST.

LECTURES ON EUROPE.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

NO. III.

RUSSIA.

(CONTINUED.)

SCANDINAVIA—HOLLAND—BELGIUM—GERMANY.

The lecturer had been asked the derivation of the word Russia. He believed it to have been first applied to Russia by the natives of Russia applied to Russia and his followers, when they arrived in the Gulf of Finland in the 9th century. Poland (pron. Polan) signs plain. There are different kinds of punishment in Russia; first, a confinement in fortresses. Secondly, the knout, almost which so much had been said. But it is not half so cruel as the cat-o-nine-tails in the army and navy of the United States. Half the rash is passed, and half fled—and each blow takes off a piece of skin, making a cake a-thaul—but this is the shoulder downwards. The Russians inflict ten, fifteen, or twenty-five blows, but he was assured the false that appear in newspapers of 5,000 blows of the knout, &c., are all fabrications. The rule is common when a criminal is sent to one country is infinitely more cruel. The punishments are put barbarous—at least much are seldom inflicted. He would except that of a soldier who some time since was condemned to run the gauntlet—and thereby to receive 2,000 blows in passing through the lines of troops. He died—but they he had killed his officer, and therefore the sentence was passed on him. The only mode of death sentence in Siberia is not as described—barbarous and cruel. Not all who are exiled work in the mines—some are farmers and have grants of land—others reside in towns. A lady whose husband was there, as a conspirator against the Emperor, received letters from him which the lecturer had seen, in which he admitted that the Emperor could not have done otherwise. His life had only been visited but he did not wish his life finally to participate in his disgrace—and therefore they continued in Russia. The banishment was exactly like that of English convicts to New South Wales—only more privileges are allowed—and Siberia is considered in the same light the way as America. Dr. Haas, the Steward of Moscow, lived before the lecturer 400 convicts, married by 100 men, absent to set off for Siberian—many robbers and murderers, others only for what was next to the misses. The lecturer addressed them in a Temperance Address and a short sermon, which were translated for them, and they appeared thankful and pleased. A few were sent off the hearing without passports, and the lecturer expressed surprise. "You need not be surprised," said his friend, Dr. Haas, "for only a few of the men in this country without a passport, is one of the greatest volume in all Russia." When last Durham went to Rome as a representative of a powerful party in England, he expectedate with the Emperor during Poland—was kindly received—indeed Nicholas had visited that nobleman at his residence in England, and therefore knew him. But the Emperor told him that the affairs of Poland he must say nothing. That was a domestic question, and for the Emperor resolved that no stranger had a right to interfere with it, adding that England, her Ireland, and her rebellion had to Poland. How would you like strangers to interfere between you and Ireland?" Other countries also have their Ireland—France in Algiers—and Austria has two or three Irelands—and we may perhaps coming very near it in the South-West—at least it may prove so at no very distant period.

The lecturer would say a few more words about Scandinavia—and in particular would he commend the Court of Constitution. The advance of these Scandinavian countries was remarkable in Temperance and Religion. At Stockholm, a Temperance Meeting continued for three days—and there were colonies from all parts of Sweden. The number of distilleries in Sweden had been reduced from one hundred and sixty thousand to seventy three and—and there were millions of members in the Society. In Denmark, the Sovereign and the King had taken such active in relation in distilleries, as might be considered preparatory to a change, by the away by the next Sterling. So great was the intemperance, and so querulsome were the people of former times in this country, that an old author states that it was not uncommon for women to take the shoes of their husbands to a feast—to see they should be washed before the feast was over. The Conversion of the people in respect paid to the memory of the dead, at Copenhagen, and all over Denmark and Norway), were much commended by Dr. Baird.

Holland and Belgium are Terrienne in their origin. They are contiguous—so connected with some other countries, yet they are of weight and importance in Europe. A considerable portion was a quarter of millions of people, and Holland about three millions. They are nearly of the same race—Belgium being comparatively more populous than Ulster. When conquered by the Romans, these countries were partially covered with the lakes and with forests. First were that the inhabitants were low and mostly fishermen—and the houses constructed of timber, and raised above the floods on poles—the floor as high water they seemed to be floating, and at low tide, they were high and dry. Both countries are remarkable for a great many canals. In Belgium these are artificial—in Holland they are natural rivers and lakes raised—the natural level of the country sea. Fishers are the beds of lakes or ponds, from which the water had been pumped out by wind-mills—and often there are villages within them, the land very rich and fertile, and vessels seen sailing by where the houses. There are few houses in Belgium, therefore Belgium and Holland being the principal. There is the most wonderful drain age in the world in Holland. The Dutch are an extraordinary people. They are now engaged in draining the Haarlem Sea—which will cost five million guilders—about two millions of dollars. The hydraulic works at the mouth of the Rhine were dwelling three in number—one for land the other, for several miles—constructed to keep out the tides, or to admit them to a certain extent, and then open the sluices and clear the water out. Belgium is an agricultural and manufacturing country, having the Richelieu of the Netherlands. There are few travelers in Holland or within it. Belgium is a continental country, and has six millions of people in her rule—Java, Sumatra, and part of Borneo. Belgium has little to no commerce. Holland is a Protestant country, yet she tolerates all religions, and there are about half a million of Catholics. Belgium is a Roman Catholic country, yet there is toleration there. Protestant are in making great progress. Both have two Legislative Houses—Leopold, King of Belgium, a Saxon or Anglo-Saxon race of sign, related to Queen Victoria, and much has been done under his sway for the country, which is now covered with railroads. He is one of the best Kings in Europe. The present King of Holland is twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. His father was sixty, but unpopular—tyranny, but real hearted. He was wounded at Waterloo. The last King was very popular—the nation love him—went to Holland, but he was very unpopular the second time, because he had left a son there, and had married a second, a Belgian woman and a Roman Catholic—and the Dutch dislike the Belgians, and the Belgians dislike the Dutch. The people are industrious, they persevered and, be persevered, and both had their own ways—married for love—got on, and they found him to give up his crown.—When he retired, he saved $1,000,000. The Queen Leopold had called him the Merchant King—and much he was so. He wrongly took the matter up, and preached against the Sabbath. One of the most tremendous sermons of the kind was preached by the Court Chaplain, and the King listened well and to him, afterwards saying to his friends:—"The Doctor is an excellent preacher, I always listen to him—but I was so loud to-day that I could not hear a word he said." The society of Holland and Belgium, especially of the seventeenth, all of which was sometimes in French, at least in Belgium—is of a religious and intellectual character. Both at Liege and Leuvain are Universities, and Belgium contained one of the largest Roman Catholic Colleges in the world. In Holland there are three Universities, containing in all 1,000 students.

There are many very fine towns in these Universities, indeed Holland has produced more men of talent than any other country of equal extent. Our young men, and sometimes our Fourth of July orators, go to Switzerland for their scenery, grand mountains, great lakes—but we have almost be great minds." Look at Holland! It is flat and foggy! Look at Switzerland! It is grand, sublime and grand. And yet for one distinguished man in Switzerland, there are hundreds produced in literature, the arts and science, the Dutch are a wonderful people. They have produced the men of the Greeks as the glory of Salamis and Marathon. So the Dutch talk of the times of Van Tromp, De Ruyter and De Witte. The rich burghers have villas—perhaps with canals round them—gardens with beautiful flowers, fishes, hyacinths, roses, dahlias, &c. Both Holland and Belgium are beautiful countries. The climate is great—nearly all the winter, owing to the mild and moist climate.

In Belgium are the cities of Bruges, Ghent, Louvain, and Antwerp, a fine old city—the Amsterdam of Belgium—the Dutch and Belgians foreign, wearing a great variety of costume. At Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the ladies, to avoid trouble, have looking glasses—reflectors—so placed outside their windows at such an angle, that they can see all that is going on in the street below—which is much better than putting their heads out of the windows. And if a lady ever scans one of the finer whose rent she has to receive or reserve, she can say "not at home." Economic (illustrated by a large plan) contains one hundred and sixty thousand people, and is called the Paris of Belgium. Among other public buildings, the lecturer points out the Hotel de Ville, the Cathedral of St. Gudule, the Palace Royale, Park, &c. The execution of Egmont and Horne were alluded to. In Holland Utrecht had forty thousand, Rotterdam eighty thousand, and the Hague sixty thousand, with a very fine Museum containing a collection of paintings, some of which are by Paul Potter. Amsterdam forms the North, near the Zuyder (South) Sea, in communication to the North Sea; with a canal communication to a ship canal. There are canals in many of the streets, and a large number of the streets through the centre of the city. The shipping of the port is said in which houses every night—and the number is about two hundred thousand. The upper parts of the houses project over the lower stories. The city is built on piles, covered in part by piles driven into the ground. These piles, in the Mausoleum, under the Church, where lie the remains of Prince Frederick and others of the line. One night two Kings went down into this vault, and knocked at the door of the office, and swore they would not be restrained, until Napoleon was driven back—and thus was Prussia involved in a war of independence; and the result was the battle of Jena. An attendant had described to the lecturer where the tomb was in which Napoleon's brother Jerome, saying: "As I had the way my father the tomb, Bonaparte asked me rapidly—'Is this the sight of Frederick the Great?' I pointed it out. He looked at it for some time—he looked at it a while silently, and then said, 'I have seen enough.' *Si vous voulez encore, je ne serais pas.* (Since then) if you want more alive, (should not be here.)

Clippings.

"Let not one look of fortune cast you down:
Nine men not fortune, if she did not frown:
Or if she do, 'tis but to make you see
Are those on whom at last she most will smile."

—The Rev. Thomas J. Sorrows, who is now Warrenton county jail, for the murder of Mrs. Hall, has employed the Hon. Henry A. Wise to defend him.

—A penny paper has actually been started in Boston. The people don't know what to do with the first and only one of its kind ever published in America.

—The American Medical Convention which two years ago was organized in Philadelphia, is to meet again in that city on the 1st of May. The Convention assembled on the 1st inst., above five hundred delegates present.

—"My friend," said a *master of Arts*, to an over-conscious boarder, "you set so much that I shall certainly have to charge you an extra half dollar." "An extra half dollar," replied his wife, "what for?" "For setting on the table," said Sequin. "For goodness sake don't do that! I'm sure I pay enough, eating three dollars worth, and if you put an extra half dollar on the table, I shall certainly run you for man slaughter.

—There is a man in Great county, Kentucky, who is so very miserly, that whenever he sends his wife money, always sends it in the form of apples, he makes him whistle all the way down to the apple box, and back, to prevent him eating any of the fruit.

—In extra public circles, the unpleasure is the "sermon" of the occasion, and the "sermon" the speaker."

—Michelet, the historian, the Priest confessor, the Church antagonist, gives his hand to his father, for the bride to walk it to the Mairie. Evangelical, a late young preacher, has left the Court of Vienna. The worthy professor, although motor-mad in the cause of the Pope, has succeeded in captivating the affections of a young lady of great beauty and some fortune, and just commenced years of age.

—A person named Owen Moore once left his native county unnoticed unceremoniously, on which occasion a wag wrote—

"Owen Moore has run away.
Owen Moore has gone away."

—What time do the ladies like best to walk out? Ans. After dinner (dinner).

—Why is a person bound for California, like a stone in a ring? Because he is set upon gold.

—The Very Rev. Father Gallitzin, head of the Methodist Episcopal Church, just closed, refused to consent to the marriage of his daughter with the Duc-hess Church, by a vote of yeas thirty, to nays seventy-seven.

—Steamer Wind.—A Western paper says, that on the late gale the birds were seen hopping on and from steamer, with all their might to get off. We have heard of gales at sea where it required all hands on deck to keep the vessel from going ashore.

—Such improvements have recently been made in Photography in Europe, that it is an axiom that the natural colors of objects may yet be produced by the sun's rays on paper.

—A monument to Cromwell is talked of in London. Why not?

—Dr. Dutwood, in his "Hints to Young Mothers," recommends painless and care in teaching babies to feed their own bottles. This is a step for the sake of seeing them bottle, they are got to open for food as soon, which has a tendency to furnish them with an everlasting pair of parentheses for eyes.

—A lady in this city, says the Tuscaloosa Gazette-Inc, used an onion the other evening to relieve the pain of a tooth-ache, and was greatly surprised to find it there the next morning, she found her self bit there.

—"Now, do set for your fingernotype while I get it ready," said a lady to her sister, the editor of Down East. "Well, sister," I don't like a color case if I can help it, for such a day time is a long one, and I'm afraid I should get tired and fall down flat."

—French, speaking of a "noble lord," says he fattened himself he should be elected for the West Riding, by the strength of the Conservative interest. As he has lost his election, however, by nearly 2,000 votes, the "Conserting interest" must have been very much enfeebled by disease.

—"Why is a stick of molasses candy like a bottle of cologne? Because they are both bought in a store."

Varieties.

SENTIMENTAL LOVE.

"Dear Ned! benign! The Mail Mail waits for the purple cordial from the Rose of Sharon's cheek to reach, and that respected gentleman calls out of his window, and bellows like a bull. Oh, for the mighty waters of the West! Hello, what the devil is that gal-pickled-in-brine-for? Oh, it's a letter for her, smacking their very lips over two very fat glasses of ice cream. Hush, now, don't laugh and you will see how she will open it, and what she will say about it.

"All Miss Jolly," says the stricken dear of the examining gender, "how seldom one finds a letter from a friend, or indeed from anybody else!"

"Very seldom, Mr. Amour," replied Miss Julia, in a tone a la Rosea, the contents in Humphrey Clinker, "especially from the Land of Love."

"Do you not collect, Miss Julia, Master Mamby's pretty sweet-pea?" said the Lady of Love, archly.

Mr. Amour repeats Mr-mbly's part of the dialogue, until he comes to—

Miss Julia is here observed to take a large spoonful of cream, and on carrying it to her mouth, lets it drop it on her lap. Mr. Amour leans out a while to-different ways to assist her, but as Miss Julia's eyes are in a garden of a minute—he trembles, and finally, after a few moments, he returns home at her apologetically, and having up his eyes into take a look at register, muttering—

"Hot house leaves cucumbers."

"Eh, Julia?"

In a subdued hollow, Miss Julia whispers, "Dearest Ned!"

"Dearest Julia!"

"Dearest Edward!"

"Ah, don't call me Edward, call me Neddy."

"Neddy, dear-Neddy," said Julia, in a tone expressive of the tenderest love, "Neddy, dear!"

Mr. Amour runs—he puts his arms around Miss Julia's waist, and her heart beats like a wounded deer. Neddy looks sweet but tears like a tender lamb, gentle reader, Neddy kisses her momentarily, and then, gentle reader, we must leave Neddy and Julia to their love, and if possible, his right.

"Ah, Neddy," said Julia, "I am so happy

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852.

WISCONSIN TEMPERANCE LAW.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has passed the most stringent law against liquor traffic that we ever have seen. It makes, in effect, the seller of spirituous liquors responsible for all evil consequences resulting from intemperance. It requires persons who would vend or retail "spirituous liquors," to give bond to town authorities, in not less than sunrise, in $1,000, "conditioned to pay all damages the community or individuals may sustain by reason of such a traffic; to support all paupers, widows and orphans, by the expenses of all civil and criminal prosecutions made, growing out of, or justly attributable to such a traffic." We quote some of the provisions:

Section 1. It shall be lawful for any married woman to institute, in her own name, a suit on any such bond, for all damages sustained by herself or children in consequence of such traffic, and in case when collected shall be paid over to her, for the use of herself and the children.

Sec. 2. No suits in liquor bills shall be entertained by any court in any of the State, and no person who shall sell the declaration of their heart-labored but favorite volume, to my beloved child, shall recover any debt for liquor sold.

Sec. 3. At the time of your birth, I had lost many of my cottage, beneath the stars of a night of June of last year, and the sad, yet pleasant, duty was mine to perform, of selecting a name for you. I then resolved that you should be called Grace, and in addition to the name, I resolved that you should be endowed with the most complete success; and, aside, from a knowledge of the ingredients employed in preparing the Saxon language, I know of no one who can work out the slightest injury to the following.

ALEXANDER AND ALEXANDRINE—Beloved of a married house truly, yesterday, which made us more with admiration. A gentleman, rather elderly, of mercantile, published a fine looking, sweet looking child selling wooden gaping pieces to peddle home, cut it in two, and found, to his surprise, that it was a child. Then agreed to sell it for half price, as well as the latter line. To be kept at about one inch all round was good butter—all the rest was not a pattern of quality. Good morning.

FOUNDING IN THE NEST—The Times says, that Commodore Stockton, while in the command of the Pacific squadron, was absent from his family for twenty two months, while the officers that succeeded him were absent only for about half that time. Stockton, as generous as he is brave, did all the fighting upon the Pacific coast with the Mexicans, and his successors, after the capture of the latter, exercised their valor upon the natives of their own country.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—We see it stated that while among the cities of South Carolina, containing each a population of about 18,000, have 25 Seminaries and 61 Representatives; eighteen other Counties, containing a white population of more than 180,000, have only 17 Seminaries and 60 Representatives. The majority of the Counties in the State are of this character by less than one-third of the white population.

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New Publications.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. For sale by *W. R. Ruth & T. B. Peterson, Philada.* The last number of the Age contains the following articles: "Social Science," "Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell," "Ireland and the Irish," &c. The following extracts from the article on Campbell, may be interesting to some of our readers:

THE CAMPBELL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

Dr. Beattie gives an interesting account of the extraordinarious letter which "The Pensioner at Boulogne" addressed to Campbell, the publisher, in obtaining for the copyright sixty pounds, and about two hundred copies of the work which Campbell found friends to subscribe. The copyright was worth upon any probable calculation ten times as much, but we are not sure that what was given was an outrageous price as Campbell afterwards sold the copyright for three hundred pounds, when it came to be reprinted, for which the publishers gave him fifty guineas more. Then it ran through copies, and they sold at last, achieved him no profit as a publication. It was a failure, and a failure honestly. Of the whole, we think they dealt liberally with him.

Now we should be expected to a severer critical than "The Pleasures of Hope," while yet in manuscript. Another would have had the entire correction of every line. The opening altogether Campbell felt, and he could not but feel, that there still some happy hour of inspiration might supply something poetical enough for Anderson's scrapbook. Yet, as the work was published, and as it was raised, as he had everywhere praised the author and Campbell encouraged him, and as he was borne by the perpetual efforts at correction impatient and on him. At last the opening of the poem, as it at present stands, was sent to the publisher in manuscript of the poem is now in the possession of Mr. Peter Cunningham, who has kindly placed them at future editions of "The Pleasures of Hope" with variations of the manuscript presents may be embarrassed to the public.

The poem was instantly successful, and it has served to confirm the reputation of the author as versification, in all probability, added to immediately to the public of many of the lines which it would, had it been published a few years after, with fewer bad terminations in it, and with the more balanced sentences to which his verse-readers were written. There was something in "The Pleasures of Hope" which struck the leading topics of the day were missed on the "Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Imagination or Paradise" number of unconnected pictures were united by a bond which the imagination required, and which the poet himself could not analyze, or, indeed, as the events of hope are, hope itself is uncertain, and the events of memory are the author's study greater than was felt sufficiently for practical purposes in the twelfth Addison's and Rogers' poems.

GEOLOGY OF WYOMING.

Some fourteen letters of Gerard Troost, published in the Gazette, Campbell found himself engaged as a correspondence with the secretary Fenelon, the British chief, who was represented by Troost as the leader of a savage party, whose loyalty gave to war much to the Campbell and Troost, and assert him, almost at the language of an American correspondent.

The manuscript reads, the one the manner Reads With all its bending, thundering load.

It was without a comment, and when a gentleman, with an English name, called on Campbell, thereafter, on the part of the man of Scandinavian descent, and asked him if he had received a letter from Troost, he replied that he had received a letter from Troost, and that he had received a letter from Troost, and that he had received a letter from Troost, and

Selected Poetry.

CALIFORNIA EMIGRANT'S SONG.

TUNE, "OH! SUSANNAH!"

I.

Don't you weep for me, my darling!
And don't you sigh and mourn,
We're going to leave the "Old Bay State"
For San Francisco bourn.
We'll say farewell to our father land,
But oh! we'll ne'er forget
Where flows above our western strand
The Great Salt Lake of Deseret!
Chorus.—Hoosh! hoosh! hoosh, ahoy!
Let your flag and pennant fly!
The glory of our western shore!
The memories of the sea!!!

II.

Our ranks hold not the restless knave,
The drunkard nor the sot,
Could but we all the dangers leave,
Then rested our path to victory.
The chain of course, link by link,
We drew across the land!
And from that distant ocean's brink
We'll stretch a friendly hand.
Chorus of one western shore!
The memories of the sea!!!

III.

We have, besides our Masters bright,
True hearts, that long have known
To work, at star of twilight's light,
But not a moment's theme
The deepest foe we'll never him!
The truest friend!
No tyrant soul shall mock our line
With ceiling slavery.
Chorus.—Hoosh! brothers, hoosh!

Boston Post.

Selected Sketch.

LIBERATING THE MADMEN.

[The following interesting sketch of the fine trial made by the French philosopher and philanthropist, Pinel, to govern lunatics by moral force alone, is from an account written by his son.]

It was in the latter end of 1792, that Pinel, who had been appointed some time before medical superintendent of the Bicetre (the Maclenen of Paris), urgently applied for permission from the authorities to abolish the use of the irons with which the lunatics were then loaded. Connexion fail, but resolved to gain his object. He opposed his complaints with redoubled ardor before the Commune of Paris, and demanded the release of his barbarous system.

"Citizen," replied one of the members of the Commune, "to-morrow I will go to see the Bicetre a visit. But we to you if you deceive us, and are concealing the cessation of the people amongst your madmen!"

The member of the Commune was spoke than was Couthon. The next day he arrived at the Bicetre.

Couthon was himself perhaps, as strange a sight as that which he had come to see. Deprived of the use of both his legs, he was always carried about on men's shoulders; and their mouth ed and deformed he, with a soft and feminine voice, possessed prominent energies as a man who was only' logic at that moment. Couthon wished to see and personally to question the lunatics one after another. He was convinced in their quarter of the building; but to all his questions he received but unsafe and unsyntactic answers and looked scrutinizingly under the confused cries and mad howling but the chilling clank of the chains reverberating through the dungeonly dirty and damp vaults. Soon is tigued by the monotony of the spectacle and the futility of his inquiries, the cynical mode of Pinel, and said, "Ah! citizen, are not you yourself mad to think of unchaining such animals?"

"Citizen," replied the other, "I am convinced that these lunatics have become so unmanageable solely because they are deprived of air and liberty and I venture to hope a great deal from a thoroughly different method."

"Well, then, do what you like with them: I give them up to you. But I fear you will fall a victim to your presumption."

Now master of his actions, Pinel commenced the next day his enterprise, the real difficulties of which he had never for a moment disguised from himself. He contemplated liberating about fifty raving mad ness without danger to the more peaceable inmates. He decided to unchain but twelve as a first experiment. The only precaution he judged necessary to adopt, was to prepare an iron and bonds of waistcoats,—those made of linen, with long sleeves and fastened at the back by means of which it is easy to prevent a lunatic doing serious mischief.

The first whom Pinel addressed was the oldest in the scene of misery. He was an English captain; his history was unknown; and he had been confined there for forty years. He was considered the most mentioned of the dungeon crew, he preached him with caution; for in a fit of violence he had struck one of the servants with his chains, and killed him on the spot. He was more keenly treated than the others, and this severity and confinement had rendered him still more in ease-perate but naturally tractable temper.

Pinel entered his cell alone, and addressed him calmly. "Captain," said he, "if I take off your chains, and give you liberty to walk up and down the yard, will you promise me to be reasonable, and to injure no one?"

"I will promise you, but you are making game of me. They are all too much afraid of me, even you yourself."

"No, indeed, I am not afraid," replied Pinel, "for I have an idea certain to make you respect me, but believe my word, unchain in me, and be docile. I intend to liberate you if you will put this inscription in place of your heavy chains."

The captain willingly submitted to the new regimen of him, only shrugging his shoulders and never uttering a word. In a few minutes his irons were completely loosened, and the doctor and his assistants retired, leaving the door at his cell open.

Several times he entered, but each down again. He had been in a sitting posture for such a length of time, that he had almost lost the use of his limbs. However, at the end of a quarter of an hour, he succeeded in preserving his equilibrium, and from the depth of his cell he advanced, tottering, towards the door. His first movement was to look up at the heavens, and to cry out in ecstacy, "How beautiful!" From the whole day, he never ceased running up and down the stairs always exclaiming, "How beautiful! How delightful!" In the evening he returned of his own accord to his cell, slept tranquilly on a good bed which had been provided for him in the meantime, and during the following two years which he spent at the Bicetre he never again had a violent fit, he even made himself useful, exercising a certain authority over the other lunatics, governing them after his fashion, and establishing himself as a kind of superintendent.

His delight at captivity was not less worthy of pity. He was an old French officer, who had been in chains for the past twenty years, having been afflicted with one of those terrible religious monomanias of which we even now-a-days see such frequent examples. His overwhelming and lively imagination, he conceived himself destined by God for the baptism of blood—that is to say to fall on the battle-ground, in order to save them from hell, and to send them straight to heaven; there to enjoy the felicity of the martyrs. He had been taken in the cause of his commanding a frightful crime. He commenced with the murder of his own child, by a dagger into the heart of his own child. He was declared insane, confined for life in the Bicetre, and had been allotted for many years a dungeon of his own. Cancesses at length retained, but without reason, but still in a state either of insensibility, or trembling an emaciated spectre of remorse. His looks were still loaded with the same irons as when first he was confined, but which he had no longer strength to lift. They were left on him as much from habit as from the remembrance of his crime. His case was hopeless. Dr. Pinel had him carried to a bed in the infirmary for high lunatics, were as still and contented as all around to beat their fasted, ; In this state he lived a few months longer, and then died, without being aware of his release.

The third presented a strong contrast. He was a man in the prime of life, with sparkling eyes, his bearing haughty, and gestures dramatic. In his youth, he had been a literary character, with much gentle, witty, and had a brilliant imagination. He composed romances, full of love, expressed in impassioned language. He had studied anatomy in order to devote himself with greater ease to his favorite occupation, he suddenly broke loose, rushed up in his room, often passing the day without food, and the night without sleep. To complete all, an unfortunate passion added to his excitement; he fell in love with the daughter of one of his neighbors. She, however, grew tired of the young author, was inconstant to him, and did not even allow him the consolation of a doubt. During a whole year, the anguish of the poor dreamer was the more bitter from concealment. At length, one fine day, he was the adversity of his despair, and pouring from our existence to the other, gave him- self up to every kind of excess. His reason fled, and taken to the Bicetre in a raging fit, he remained confined for twelve years in the dark cell where Pinel found him flinging about his chains with violence. These motions was more turbulent than dangerous, and, incapable of understanding the good intended to him, it was necessary to employ force to loosen his irons. Once in left himself at liberty, he commenced running round and round the courtyard, until his breath failing, he fell down quite exhausted. This exercisement continued for some weeks, but unaccompanied by violence, so formerly. The keepers threw down to him by the door, and the especial interest to took in this ingrafted, with various gifts. Unfortunate! was permitted to leave the asylum and return to the world, then in such a state of agitation; he forced himself to commit some crime, with all the vehemence of his passions and was beheaded on the 5th Thermidor.

Pinel entered the fourth cell. It was that of Chevrigne, whose liberation was one of the most memorable events of that day.

Chevrigne had been a soldier of the French Guard, and had early made himself conspicuous by his fury. Since the wine mounted into his head, he grew quarrelsome, violent and most dangerous, from his prodigious strength. The public excesses caused his dismissal from his corps, and he soon squandered his scanty resources. At length insane and desperate plunged him in despair, and his mind became affected. He imagined that he had become a general, and fought all who did not acknowledge his grade. It was at the termination of a mad scene of this kind that he was brought to the Bicetre in a state of fury. He had been chained for ten years, and with stronger fetters than his companions, for he had often succeeded in breaking his bonds by the mere force of his hands. Once, in particular, when with stronger fetters than his companions, for he had often succeeded in breaking his bonds by the mere force of his hands. Once, in particular, when being fed, he defied all the keepers together to force him to return to his cell, and only did so after compelling them to pass under his uplifted arm, which, inconceivable act of prowess he performed on the eighth time of attempting to pass against him. Even henceforth his strength became a proverb at the Bicetre. By repeated efforts, however, Pinel discovered that good dispositions lay hidden beneath vehemence of character, constantly kept excited by great treatment. On one occasion, he promised to give him leave his condition, and this promise alone had greatly tranquilized him. Pinel was anxious to him that he should no longer be forced to wear his chains. "And to prove that I have confidence in you," said he, "I will order them to be taken off." Then turning to the warders, he said, "Let them be taken off." Then turning to the warders, he said, "Let them be taken off." Then turning to the warders, he said, "Let them